

# THE CHRONICLE.

R. H. YANCEY, Editor.

Clarksville, Tenn., Aug. 25, 1883.

TERMS: \$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

We favor a tariff for revenue limited to the necessities of the Government economically administered, and so adjusted in its application as to produce unequal burdens, to encourage productive industries at home, afford a just compensation to labor, but not to create a foster monopoly. —Ohio Democratic Platform, June 21st. —Virginia Democratic Platform, July 25th. —Substantially, Pennsylvania Democratic Platform, Aug. 1st.

WILL THE DEMOCRAT TIE THE MARK?

We were resting easy under the impression that our inflammatory patient on First street was cured of his dangerous malady or, at least, was enjoying a lucid interval, but last week it seemed to take an entirely fresh case and broke out all over in spots. The lofty declaration in a preceding issue of what it decided to do in the salutary of its editors, and the sarcastic allusion to what it had suffered on account of departing from that declaration of principles, led us to believe that its course hereafter would be among the clouds, soaring over the contemplation of anything ordinary. 'Tis said that it should have so soon descended from its aerial flight and resumed its old time habits. The remedies heretofore applied having proved ineffectual, we have concluded to try the following as a last resort, hoping that it may bring the relief desired.

We might continue forever to point out the many egregious blunders that the Democrat is continually making and that journal can continue to babble at us in reply and like Gratiano "speak an infinite deal of nothing." We say that programme might be indefinitely postponed, to the great disgust of the public, and therefore we propose this speedy plan of settling the dispute. "We wish to remark and our language is plain, that since the present editors took charge of the Democrat, that paper has contained three times as many errors, typographical and otherwise, as the CHRONICLE has in the same length of time. We will leave it to a competent and impartial committee, to be chosen by both papers, to decide in this arbitration who is not true; the committee to have the files of the Democrat and CHRONICLE for the time specified, submitted to it. Due weight is to be given to the gravity of errors and the committee is to make a full report which both papers will publish. When that is done, one or the other of us will be like the man who got hit with a chunk of old red sandstone:

"He snuffed a sticky snuff, and curled up on the floor, And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

If the Democrat will toe this mark, the question of superiority can be readily settled. The CHRONICLE don't pretend to be infallible, though the Democrat once ascribed to us "divine infallibility," whatever that may mean. We make errors, but we will abide by the assertion that the Democrat makes three times as many.

Our contemporary's evident irritation and talk about "personalities" comes with bad grace considering that it has been the beginner and aggressor in this contest. We abide the justice of an intelligent public, conscious that we have indulged in nothing but fair criticism, such as newspapers are continually giving and receiving. We will never abuse our trust by obtruding personal quarrels on the public. We don't indulge in newspaper pyrotechnics, but the editor of the CHRONICLE is large enough, old enough and always ready to answer personally for any offense he may have given. If the Democrat will point out a single instance in which we have said anything about that paper or its editors that was untrue or unjust, and not uttered in a spirit of pleasantry, we will retract the same and apologize for having used it—not through a cringing spirit, but from an honest desire to do what is right and fair.

The disposition displayed by the Democrat in this matter reminds of a story that is told of a choleric person whose hospitality was greater than his purse. He was one of those substantial but obtuse citizens

"Who came from the legend-narrative thine To the grand new world where the free stars shine." His name was entirely too awful to spell or pronounce, but they called him Fritz for short. One day he invited three friends to dine with him, but when the table came to be spread there was nothing on it but a dish of mush. "Mr. Fritz," said Fritz, addressing himself to guest No. 1, "will you have some hash?" "No hash," was the quiet response. The same question was then propounded to each of the other visitors, a tone of entreaty being given to the last inquiry. Both gentlemen declined any hash as the first had done, whereupon the disconcerted Fritz flew into a rage and exclaimed: "Any man who comes to my house and asks for hash, like this fellow, is a low-down, low-down scoundrel." This answer "little mumble-ty-lum-bore" and the name Fritz's guests felt more hungry than insulted.

The Democrat being nettled by our criticisms of its blunders has charged us with personalities and all manner of bad things and is trying to pose before the public as an injured innocent.

ONE ANSWER AND SEVERAL QUESTIONS.

The Chronicle once said, we curled it up like the "crippled and charred carcass of an incinerated stiner." Now incinerated is made a crusted and charred carcass out of ashes or something thoroughly consumed. An answer at any time, we made a crusted and charred carcass out of ashes or something thoroughly consumed.

We are not the editor of the word "incinerated" to whom the above seems to refer, but we are glad of an opportunity to explain how the seeming mistake here noted got into the CHRONICLE. We wrote to the printer, substituting the past tense for the present participle and, of course, destroying the sense. This sentence occurred in the CHRONICLE the week that we were very busily employed in reporting the University Commencement or otherwise it might have been corrected in proof.

Now we hope dear Democrat you can

with equal facility explain some of the numerous blunders you have made.

When the CHRONICLE expressed its opinion that a tariff for revenue only would impose a duty on articles not on the free list, you replied: "It is idea that a duty would be placed on sugar, coffee, etc., is of a piece with the whole article, wholly faulty." Why did you put that "sugar" in there?

Why did you say that American farmers ship their pork to Germany when it is a well known fact to every reader of a newspaper that Germany has laid an interdiction on American pork?

Why did you state that the Polk case had gone to the jury more than a week after Polk had been sentenced and after the case had been appealed to the Supreme Court?

What did you mean by "raison d'être" for existence?

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In your third attempt at this common French expression why did you call it a "classic phrase"?

How did you manage the intellectual gymnastic of iterating in your salutatory?

Why did you keep that senseless thing you called the Ohio tariff plank standing for several weeks at the head of your editorial column uncorrected?

Why did you quote it in that mutilated shape into one of your editorials?

We might protract these questions but nine are all we have space for at present. We hope the Democrat can give satisfactory answers to each of them. We have mentioned them all before and so has the Democrat mentioned the "incinerated" error before. Our contemporary is fond of iteration, however, and we don't suppose it objects to these repetitions.

THE UNITED AGRICULTURISTS.

HOW THEY PIC-NICED AT DUNBAR'S CAVE TUESDAY.

Stock Show, Speeches, Dinner and a Good Time Generally.

The farmers' picnic at the Cave Tuesday was in every particular a success and a most enjoyable affair. A very large crowd was in attendance and the day passed off in the most pleasant manner possible. The cool and sheltered retreat at the entrance to the cave was the place of rendezvous, the central station, if we may be allowed the expression, but people were scattered over the entire enclosure and it would be no exaggeration to say that "the woods were full of 'em." They came, not only from the vicinity of Clarksville but from all the adjoining counties of Tennessee and Kentucky. The Montgomery county farmers, with their wanted hospitality, did the honors of the day in splendid style and treated all their guests to sumptuous dinners. Mr. B. F. Gill was the chief marshal and made himself very efficient in seeing that everything was carried out according to programme.

THE SPEAKING.

Col. A. J. McWhorter, State Commissioner of Agriculture, was introduced by Gen. Quarles and delivered a very able and well prepared address. The incessant babble of the large crowd, among whom were a great many young people, not interested in agricultural topics, made it difficult to hear what the speaker said at any distance from the stand. Mr. Gill requested the audience to give better attention, but to little purpose. Talking at public assemblies when speaking is going on is generally very obnoxious, but on this occasion there was much to palliate the offense. An eager crowd, out of doors and bent on pleasure, could not be expected to give earnest attention to a lengthy discourse on serious subjects, however interesting.

DANCING.

A band of colored musicians, with fiddles, a banjo and two brass horns kept up a kind of monotonous accompaniment to the continued hum of voices. Their music was good enough, however, for the desperate lovers of the terpsichorean art, who danced all day in a very crowded hall. The dancing was a kind of side show that was not so much of a success as the general purposes of the occasion.

THE EXHIBITS.

The exhibits of flowers, stock machinery &c, gave the picnic some of the air of a county fair on a small scale. The flowers, of which there were many very pretty specimens, were tastefully arranged in the alcove at the cave entrance. They mostly came from Evergreen Lodge, a large marriage hall from the Lodge, which was suspended from the roof of this recess. It was made of zinnia and aster flowers, and the many colors were so deftly interwoven and arranged as to make it a thing of artistic beauty. The suggestion was made that it was a good opportunity for some love-sick Kentucky couple to escape the vigilance of a stern parent and have the nuptial knot tied in true sentimentality, such an event would have added to the interest of the occasion, but the couple couldn't be found, and without so important a factor the scheme had to be given over.

MACHINERY.

Mr. John N. Elder and Messrs. Fox & Smith, hardware dealers of this city, had some improved agricultural implements on the ground that were examined and much admired by the large crowd of farmers who attended the picnic. In the afternoon the last mentioned firm made a trial of an Oliver Chilled Sulky Plow, that was satisfactory. Only three horses were worked and showed that the machine was capable of breaking up next to the best scrubby land without great exertion to the team employed. Under this head we will mention

THE WONDERFUL PATENT CHURN

exhibited by Capt. W. T. Beatty. The invention is said to deserve its name and is truly wonderful. It makes the butter come better and quicker than ordinary churns and the butter-milk it makes is said to be less sour than that made by any other process.

Mr. W. F. Coulter's tobacco furnace

had a place on the ground and was very generally pronounced "a

good thing" by the progressive growers of the weed.

THE STOCK SHOW.

was the most important and interesting feature of the occasion. Quite a number of fine sheep, and hogs and some horses were displayed. The display of cattle was not so extensive as it would have been but for the scarce about a number. As it was some very fine short horns and one Jersey were exhibited. The stock display on the whole was most creditable, and competent judges expressed the opinion that the best stock raising counties in the State would find it difficult to excel.

SHEEP.

Some imported Shropshire sheep exhibited by Mr. C. W. Warfield, were much admired. Messrs. Geo. Warfield and Preston Johnson each exhibited some superior South-downs. Mr. K. W. Webb exhibited some fine specimens of Shropshires. A sheep that was a cross between Shropshire and Cotswold was the property of Mr. M. E. Webb. Mr. Harrison Brown exhibited a fine Cotswold ram. Some beautiful Angora goats belonging to Mr. Polk Prince were exhibited.

HOGS.

The largest hog on the ground was Lord Liverpool (221), a Berkshire owned by Mr. W. Warren Morton, of Russellville, Ky., being one of the celebrated Mountain home herd. The Prince of Lake View was the next in size. He was a small Berkshire shire-bone, one year old, the property of Mr. M. Clark Johnson. Two litters of his pigs, one of nine days and the other of five weeks old were exhibited. Mr. Preston Johnson exhibited some young Berkshires. Mr. Polk Prince some six-months old Poland-Chinas, and Mr. C. P. Warfield some Chester Whites.

CATTLE.

Some bronze turkeys were exhibited which were larger than an ordinary gobbler. They belonged to Mr. Edward Drane. Some very fine Plymouth Rock chickens were also on exhibit, but we failed to learn whose property they were.

NEW YORK LETTER.

To the Chronicle:

The strike of the Telegraphers is over. They held out for one month, but overated the inducements of their funds and support, and underated the power against which they contended. It is one of the great conflicts between Labor and Capital that the world has yet furnished. For the Western Union Telegraph Company extends from ocean to ocean, from Maine to Florida, and at a signal, which by their own power was transmitted out through the length and breadth of the country, the telegraph operators ceased work, until their demands were regarded, and these demands were wondrously simple. The slight increase in wages was merely an accompaniment—not the real complaint. They asked extra pay for extra labor. They asked to be allowed to rest one day in the week, and they asked that the women be put on an equal footing with the men, and receive the same pay for the same work. Of course these were refused them. The strike is estimated to have cost the employees \$100,000 in wages, and the company as much as would have paid to the employees, for ten years, the increase demanded. The "Brotherhood" is a society of telegraphers which has long been regarded as their most cherished institution, and the strike finally became almost a matter of principle, to compel their recognition as a body, Brotherhood. In the case of the Telegraph company it was a matter of principle all through. For monopoly has never liked to yield to Labor, and the greatest monopoly in the world could not accede to demands made by its own laborers, of course. But it is now over, and the telegraphers are the victors. In this case, "victors" is a better word than "vanquished." It has accomplished much good, in fact that the public are roused, and it is a time-honored conviction, that when "the public are roused," something must happen. An opposition has begun which promises to be a strong one. It is said that John W. Mackey, the Western "Union King," has taken a controlling interest in the Postal Telegraph Co., and a "Battle of the Giants" may be expected when he and Jay Gould are pitted against each other. Several other strikes are now in progress, among builders and longshoremen.

OVER the financial world there is a cloud of general uneasiness and insecurity. There have been many heavy failures during the past three weeks, chiefly among bankers, and a sensation in the financial world generally serves to set them right again. The cure wrought in rheumatism are indeed wonderful. A case came under my observation this week. A poor blaster was brought down from the Summit, and sent out to the springs. His limbs were cramped and swollen in such a manner as to disable him from every thing. The colored man who has charge of the bath house had to plunge him in and assist him out, but the third day he was able to take his bath and walk around the grounds.

The Hotel and cottages at present are all filled. There is represented here England, Scotland, Wisconsin, Iowa, New York, Pennsylvania and California. Notable among the guests are Senator Thomas W. Bowen and wife, of Del Norte. There is a young lady here, and here who says, "The evenings are so slow, you know." We were lucky in meeting the Denver excursion of the Grand Army of the Republic, and in vain did I search for a familiar southern face. Is the old feud never to be forgotten? Is the dart of defeat to rankle in our hearts forever? It would seem that a sufficiency of years, with balm upon their wounds, and passed to heal the wound. Very grand and gallant they looked in their uniform, and it set me to thinking what an imposing sight they must have made in regiment.

The general regime of each day is as follows: Nearly all of the guests rise to 7 o'clock breakfast, and then one may see different fishing parties materializing. For there are very few ladies here who do not enjoy trout fishing in the river. Mr. Grande, a very lover of the rod and line could not fail to be delighted with this place. There is a Scotch laddie among us whose luck, or rather skill, is wonderful to see. Three successive days, in two and a half hours, he consigned to his basket sixty-sixty-five. The dining room at noon is a "banquet hall" of the most delicious. The hostesses pass no pains in preparing these luncheons. The fishing parties all endeavor to get back in time to bathe before tea. The temperature of these baths varies as the heat of the water increases or diminishes. At times when you enter the water you feel that the heat is quite unbearable, but if you plunge in boldly and stand for a moment, you are at once comfortable. The water is very buoyant on account of the mineral gases, and if you are careless to let the rope slip from you, you are likely to lose your footing. There is very little dancing here. The guests have the good taste to let that recurring, inevitable water amusement have a rest. The sweet sound of the piano is heard from time to time, with promenades upon the wide verandas, music in the parlor and bizzico and whist.

It was returning from a fishing excursion late one evening that we first heard the legend of Wagon Wheel Gap. "It was a number of years ago," said the narrator, "when Fremont and his men on their government survey, camped at the base of that cone-shaped rock. It was in early April, and the snow came down at nightfall. Thoroughly weary with a long day's tramp, they early laid themselves down to rest. They claim to have slept about two hours when Fremont and one of his comrades started upright and gazed at each other with speechless horror. For down this wild, and pathless gorge they came a deep trap of horses and the sound of wheels. They strained their eyes through the fast-falling snow flakes but could see no form or outline. They averted it passed with the sound of a mighty wagon-train, but whence it came or whether it went they could never tell."

"Oh! to do this. It is uncanny," said one of the ladies. I own that I, myself, was drawing back into a corner of the carriage, and straining my eyes down the trap of horses and the sound of wheels. They strained their eyes through the fast-falling snow flakes but could see no form or outline. They averted it passed with the sound of a mighty wagon-train, but whence it came or whether it went they could never tell."

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